

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor.

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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Selections.

Thompson's Defense of the American A. S. Society.

[GEORGE THOMPSON, while at Lockport, N. Y., being called to defend the American Anti-Slavery Society against certain objections presented by one of the speakers, made the following remarks, which are copied from the North Star.]

Mr. Thompson, who, after expressing the pleasure he felt at being present, proceeded to review the proceedings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, from its formation in 1833, down to the present time. Sixteen years ago, it was his honor to be appointed the unpaid agent of that Society. He had watched his course through the long interval that had elapsed since his first connection with it, and was prepared to affirm that no Society had ever more faithfully acted up to its original constitution, or more faithfully redeemed the pledges with which it began its work. Where he left it in 1835, there he had found it in 1850. All around, were strewn the wrecks of other organizations, that in rivalry, competition, or opposition and hostility, had come into existence; but there stood the American Society—its principles the same—its doctrine the same—its measures the same—its great and glorious object still the same—with the same broad, catholic, unsectarian, world-wide platform—and, thank God! with many of the same men and women upon it with whom it had been his honor and his glory to serve in years past. Nobly had it fulfilled the promise of its infancy; and he (Mr. Thompson) believed it was the organization destined to aid America and the world of the institution of slavery, then the object of sickening contemplation. I cannot (said he) conceive of an abolitionist who is not, whether he calls himself one or not, a part and parcel of the American Anti-Slavery Society; for that Society embodies in its constitution and creed whatever makes abolitionism. As well might a man say, I am a Presbyterian, or a Baptist, or an Episcopalian, or a Methodist; but I am not a Christian. What a Baptist would not be doing anything on right principles to advance the overthrow of slavery—he must of necessity be an abolitionist, of the American Anti-Slavery type. As well might one say, "I'll be a man, but I'll have but one arm, or one eye; or dispense with my heart, my lungs, or my brain," as say, "I'll be an abolitionist, and be less than what the constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society requires me to be." Tell me what less you desire to be in this cause, than what the Society would have you be, and I will tell you precisely what you lack to come up to the standard of a genuine and perfect abolitionist.

It is well for us, on an occasion like this, to look at the mighty, gigantic and sublime work we have set before us. If we would outgrow our own dwarfish dimensions, and narrow and sectarian prejudices, we should spend our time in surveying the stupendous objects we are seeking to achieve. There is nothing little about this cause, but ourselves. We are straitened, not in the cause, but in our own bowels. Slavery is grand in itself. Measure its circumference—how vast! Drop the line into this horrible abyss, and you will bring it up again exclaiming, "O the depths!" Try to sum up its guilt, and arithmetic, and language, and fancy, will fail you. Take one human heart, and count its fibres if you can; then try to grasp the aggregate of three millions of hearts, whose strings are quivering while transfixed with the poisoned and barbed arrows of this three-accursed system. Descend into hell—it is there. Ascend to heaven—it is the subject of amazement and horror there. Traverse the North, and see it everywhere there. Mount the pulpit, and you will find it there. The thunders of Niagara are guiding its victims, pursued by the blood-seeking hounds of the South, on the trail of the flying fugitive. Let us think on these things, and burst the withers that bind us. "To your tents, O Israel." This is no time for abolitionists to be filling out by the way. The only question is, "Who will go up to Ramoth. Gilead to battle?" The path of duty is plain.—Slavery must and shall be overthrown; and by us, as portions of the instrumentality demanded by the exigencies of the times.—Have any come here out of mere curiosity? Better for such, a thousand times, that they had stayed at home; ay, that they had never been born, than depart from this house as if from a show of wax-work. Depart now, ere I tell you your duty; or were it yours if you remain, and do it not. Hear, then, what it is. The slave is your brother. God has made him so, and you cannot, if you would, repudiate the consanguinity. As long as he is God's child, he is your brother; for, have we not one Father? Hath not one God created us? He is black, but your brother; and you have got to own him and embrace him here, for his frown will freeze you in that day when the disinherited children of God shall meet those who cast them out of

their Father's house. He is your brother; the more precious to his Parent because of his wrongs and miseries; you the more guilty and accursed, if you pity not those wrongs. Listen again. It is God's mission to save man by man. Hence your missionaries scattered over the face of the earth. Have you faith to believe that you can save your brother in Japan, in Borneo, in the interior of Africa, at the antipodes, and have you none in the cause of your brother here? Remember, "He who cares not for the things of his own house, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Think not that one Christian made abroad, will atone for a thousand heathens made at home. Who hath required this at your hands, if it is not also required that you first cease from blood-guiltiness at home? The slave is helpless. The further you are from him, the greater your obligation to aid him. The law, which is your guardian angel here, is his destroying angel there. The army, which protects you from invasion here, invades his sacred rights, and is maintained to butcher him if he dares to assert the dignity of a man. The Christianity which tells you at the North to be free, tells him to crouch at the feet of a tyrant, and to take toll and chastisement with gratitude, for the Lord's sake. Do you tell me these are not your views? I tell you that, for that very reason, it is your duty to embrace this cause, for you are the very persons that can help the slave.

You tell me it is a question of property.—I know it is—of property of God in man, and man in himself. As for the property of man in man, the doctrine is the boldest blasphemy that ever was preached. Man can hold no property in man. Grant that man can hold property in man, and our ground is gone, and we are impertinent intermeddlers, and are seeking to invade legitimate vested interests. But embrace the contrary doctrine, and we are co-workers with God, and have universal truth, and the elements of human nature, and the consciences of all men, and the echoes of all hearts, and the instincts, affections, agonies and exultations of humanity on our side. No! Man can hold no property in man. Man hold property in man! Can a finite creature be God and man at the same time? The servant of his own Maker, and the tyrant and owner of his fellow? Can man, made in the image of God, and but a little lower than the angels, be man and beast at the same time? Can the potsherd own the potsherd? the unprincipled tyrant be the owner of Christ's free man? the child of the Devil sell the temple of the Holy Ghost? Does the Infinite, the Eternal, the Righteous Judge hand over his prerogatives to rogues, adulterers and worse sinners? Has the master a soul? So has the slave. Is he immortal? So is the slave. Is he responsible? So is the slave. Is he a fellow creature? So is the slave. Does he hope, fear, love—know joy, sorrow, anger, hatred, courage? So does the slave. Must the one be true, that the other may serve God? So must the other. Would the one be tormented by slavery, and lose his crown of earthly glory in the day when SLAVE was written on his brow? It is even so with the slave. How, then, can a being, no better at his birth—no better in his elements—no higher in his destinies—whom worms will devour, and for whom the same judgment waits, own his fellow-man? He lies, who says he can.—What, then, is your duty and mine? It is, to adjust this lie—to expose it—to hunt it through the world, and out of the world, to its native hell. It is, to demand that our brother shall no longer be the victim of this lie. It is, to make the man who lives and practices this lie a monster. It is, in a word, to substitute the truth for the lie. How simple is the truth! MAN IS MAN. Art thou a man, and no more? the negro is a man, and no less. Ought you to be free? So ought he. Would the man be a villain who plundered your cradle? The man is a villain who plunders any cradle. If you were a slave, would you be free now? Go, then, and demand the instant freedom of the negro. This is the work before us. Let us be worthy of it. That we may free others, let us be free ourselves. That we may free the slaves at the South, let us give freedom to each other at the North.

Then Knave and Fool may rage and storm, And growling Bigots may decide— The trembling slave away may run, Or in a Tyrant's dungeon hide; But free, and bold, and true, and good, We to this oath our souls will set— From pole to pole, we'll free each soul, The world shall be for better yet.

KIDNAPING CHILDREN.—The Pennsylvania Freeman copies from a private letter to a gentleman in Philadelphia the following statement of the manner in which the Baltimore Shambles are supplied with young human flesh:

"I heard nearly opposite one of these dens so common in the South, a negro-market; the proprietor has a very fine front house, in the rear is a large building, about 100 feet long, every window strongly barred with iron, with a strong brick wall about 25 feet high the scenes here are enough to melt a heart of stone. But this is not the worst part of the picture. There are about 25 or more young men, or rowdies I ought to say, who make a practice of enticing away from Philadelphia, near unperceived little colored children, and bringing them to this market, and, from outward appearances here, they take into slavery more every year than all the Anti-Slavery Societies take from it. Oh, that I had more strength, I would gladly spend it to save these little negroes. Will not the friends of humanity do something for this class in Philadelphia. Cannot some one start in this matter?"

AS APOD WITNESS.—One of the witnesses before the Court of Common Pleas at Greenfield, last week, is supposed to be one hundred and fifteen years of age. She is a colored woman, named Hatty Dickinson.—Her hearing is good, and she walks about as smart as a woman of 60 or 70 years of age.

From the Free Presbyterian. A Reprobate Body.

At a meeting of the "Union Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church," held on the 13th of February, 1851, in Uniontown, Pa., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

"Whereas, It has appeared in a late No. of the Baltimore Sun, and other papers, that at a meeting of Cumberland Presbyterian clergymen and members of that Church, held at Bethel, Jan. 15th, 1851, a series of resolutions was adopted against slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law.—Therefore, that the Cumberland Presbyterian Church may not be misrepresented nor misunderstood on these subjects,

Resolved, That this, the Union Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, in session in Uniontown, Fayette county, Pa., Feb. 18th 1851, view with deep regret the imprudent attempt of a few ministers of our denomination, and a few members of some congregations in Washington county to meddle with the subject of Negro Slavery, and the Fugitive Slave Law, recently passed, as many believe, in accordance with the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, further, That, in the opinion of this Presbytery, it is the duty of all Christians to obey the laws of our Country; and that to obstruct any such laws, so as by means of such obstruction a citizen may suffer the loss of what the law of the land regards as his property, is a contravention of the Christian maxim, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

It is the general belief of the religious world that the Devil is the great suggester of evil thoughts, but we are not sure but it would be a slander on that notable personage to allege that he suggested the above resolutions. Certainly his perversions of Scripture were not so monstrous in the recorded instances of his quipping from the holy volume. The idea of his being a violation of the golden rule to assist the hunted fugitive to gain his freedom, and escape the fangs of the blood-hound, is unique in its atrocity. It shows that the march of the human mind, in the career of impiety, has quite kept pace with its progress in other things. It exhibits a refinement of blasphemy which indicates the perfection of long practice. It is an immense advance of the art of perverting holy things, which this Cumberland Presbytery possesses, is one of rare occurrences.

"To obstruct any laws of the country, so as by means of such obstruction, a citizen may suffer the loss of what the law of the land regards as his property, is a contravention of the great Christian maxim, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' Now it is well known that what these men call the law of the land, allows the spiritual members of Christ's body to be held in property. In that condition they are bought and sold, worked without wages, deprived of all education, in a great measure destitute of religious instruction, denied the rights of Christian marriage, and doomed to universal condemnation. The virtue of the female is the prey of any white scoundrel who may choose to violate it. The parental and filial relations are annihilated. Human beings are reduced to articles of merchandise, 'not ranked among sentient beings but among brutes.'"

One of these imbruted human beings escapes—we will suppose a Christian, and a woman. She is running from what is infinitely worse than death. Eluding the vigilance of blood-hounds, human and canine, she reaches Uniontown. Faint and weary from long fasting and toil, her feet blistered, and her garments tattered, she presents herself at the door of one of the preachers who voted for the above resolutions, and beseeches him by the love of Jesus—by the mercy of the Saviour whom they both profess to serve, to do as he would be done by, and give her food and a pallet on which to rest, for a little while, her exhausted frame. But the pious soul of the preacher is alive to his "Constitutional duties," and he at once suspects the suppliant of the guilt of running away from forced prostitution. He inquires who and whence she is, and in answer learns the story of her wrongs and sufferings.—With a frown of pious wrath gathering on his brow he addresses the trembling pleader, do you not know that the law of the land regards you as your master's property? If I feed and shelter you it will give you strength to escape clear beyond the reach of your owner. To do this would be a contravention of the great Christian maxim, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them?' therefore, begone from my presence and go back to your master."

As the heart-broken victim makes despairing effort to stagger away, a second thought seizes the mind of the Cumberland preacher. As it would be a violation of the golden rule to do anything by which "the citizen might suffer the loss of his property," it would of course be an exact fulfillment of that "great Christian maxim," to help him regain possession of it. The happy thought is just in time. He commands the fugitive to stop, seizes her person, forces her into his house, binds her hands, and retains her there his prisoner until her "lawful owner" presents himself, to whom "on chain being made" he delivers her up.

This is no fancy sketch, but a truthful exhibition of the true position of the authors of the above resolutions. To render assistance to the poor victim of outrage, by which she might escape a life of pollution and shame, would cause the "citizen to suffer the loss of his property." This the Union Presbytery declare would violate the golden rule. Was ever blasphemy equal to this? Blasphemy, according to Webster, is "an indignity offered to God by words or writing." That which derogates from the prerogatives of God." Now God has summed up all human duty in the golden rule, and declared that to be the substance of his

revealed will to man. Yet "to feed the hungry and hide the outcast," if by that means the slaveholder lose his property, is, according to the Union Presbytery a violation of the "great Christian maxim"—therefore a violation of the whole human duty, and of the aim of God's revealed word. It is thus, according to their teachings, opposed to the will and, therefore, to the character of Jehovah. If this is not "an indignity offered to God," if it is not blasphemy of the most daring character, we have no conception how God can be blasphemed.

What profound interpreters of Scripture are the members of this Union Presbytery! If we were slave-catchers, say they, (that is the idea,) we would not like to be obstructed in the recapture of our chattels; therefore, to obstruct others would not be doing as we would be done by! Let us apply this interpretation of the golden rule to a few other cases. If we were thieves, and in the habit of stealing sheep and chickens, we would not like to be sued for the theft; therefore, we must not prosecute those whom we catch robbing our hen-roosts and sheep-folds, for to do so "would be a violation of the great Christian maxim." If we were highway robbers, we would not like people to run away when we attacked them with a view to plunder; therefore, we will not run from banditti when assaulted, for to do so would violate the "great Christian maxim," do as you would be done by. If we were groggers, we would for rather people would keep quiet, and let us pursue our murderous traffic in peace; therefore, we will not breathe a whisper against the rum traders, who are playing their vocation around us. To do so would be a violation of the great Christian maxim, "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." If we were impatient sinners, we would not like to be disturbed, therefore, we will "prophecy smooth things" to the sinner. Thus this maxim might be made to justify requisition in, and sanction of all the crimes on earth.—These professional expounders of the Bible seem never to have stumbled on the true meaning of this plainest and most important of the Christian maxims, which is simply this, whatsoever we may rightfully and properly expect from one fellow being, the same should we render to them. Are they not "alike leaders of the blind?" How any anti-slavery man, having a particle of conscience, can sit under the ministry, or retain the Church fellowship of these men, is utterly beyond our conception.

We write on this subject with severity, but not with malice—in sorrow, not in anger. We regard black infidelity as harmless in comparison with such impious perversion of the word of God. Therefore we feel "we are unto us" if we lift not against them our humble voice of remonstrance and rebuke.

Kidnaping.

The work goes on right merrily—so merrily, that even Southern border papers cry out against it. Three cases have occurred lately in Pennsylvania.

THOMAS HALL, sober, industrious, and living among farmers, was stolen. The deacon was well managed. "Come here, Thomas," said a man, "your neighbor needs you." But he kept in the house, suspecting. Then the door was burst open, and three men rushed in, filled HALL to the floor, and finding his wife resisting, one of the villains struck her several times, threatening if she went out, or holed, that he would blow her brains out.

She escaped, however. But too late to save her husband from the fiends. They have their victim on a slave soil—as free as either of them the minute before he touched it, and then a slave for life.

These devils had no warrant. They dropped a six barreled revolver, heavily loaded, a silk handkerchief, some old advertisements; but no trace of them could be discovered. They were scouted on slave soil and so far safe; since this case occurred, March 16th, as yet nothing has been heard of HALL, or his lawless kidnappers.

The particulars of this first case are contained in the Philadelphia Ledger, and New York Tribune, with both of which papers the Herald exchanges.

The second case occurred in Salisbury township, and is reported as follows by the Lancaster Union and Tribune of the 25th:

"A colored man, considerably advanced in age living in Salisbury township, Lancaster county, was carried off on Saturday week, by a party of men unknown to his vicinity, toward the Maryland line. Resistance was offered by the old man and his wife, but they were overpowered and the man was taken. This is the second or third case of the kind in that vicinity during the past few months. It is a matter of regret that some clue or other cannot be found to the persons engaged in this nefarious business."

The Wilmington (Del.) Republican has the following:

"We understand that a colored man was kidnaped and carried off by some villain on Tuesday night last. It appears that this manstealer went to a house in Hedgeville, inquired for the yellow man, and, on finding him, hand-cuffed him and carried him off.—Several blacks witnessed the transaction, but did not interfere. This same man was imprisoned some time ago at New Castle by James Dover, formerly watchman in the Fourth Ward, on the charge that he was the slave of a gentleman residing in Maryland. He was kept in confinement some time, but was finally discharged on a letter being received from a gentleman of Kent county, stating that he knew the man to be free.—After his discharge, the man resided in this city."

We believe these cases are increasing every day on the border States under the infamous Fugitive Law—cases of speculation where the freedom are seized without color of law, and sold under the Fugitive Act.—Yet the North is to say nothing and do nothing!

Why, look at the Herald, having an exchange list with all the country and these cases, in part, reported in them, yet studiously avoiding the mention of one, excluding from telegraph and editorial any facts touching them! Is this to be borne? Will the voters of the Whig Party support a policy or sustain a power at Washington, which says to the "By Authority" papers—"Be silent—publish none of these cases—support the Slave Law—or else we will take away your pap." Can they stand this corollary of the Press, this abject and concentrated obsequence to the will of a President, made obsequious by a nominal patronage, or break that will when it is bidding only for slave-holding support?—Cleveland True Democrat.

Slavery.

Ask of the radiant spheres that fly
In the deep blue skies away,
Far as creation's boundary,
What sceptre ye obey?
And they shall sing in loudest strain—
"Oh, on! we know no tyrant's chain!"

Ask of the winds, before whose might
The clouds in their splendor flee,
And the eagle stoops from his daring height—
Whose ruffian slaves are ye?
And the winds shall shout as they rush amain,
In the pride of their strength, "We know no chain."

Ask of the waves whose peals are rung
Forth to the earth's farthest clime—
Where are the fetters Caeso flung
Upon your march sublime?
And as they sweep on gloriously,
Thou shalt be answered, "We are free."

Question the tempest, in its hour
Of lightning and of gloom;
Question the thunder's awful power,
The monarch of the tomb—
Whose are the chains around you wrought?
And they shall answer, "There are none."

Ask of the peened birds that wing
Their flight in every zone,
Mid thrushes whose voices soothe the spring
Throughout unceasing bloom;
Or arctic wastes, where winter's form
Careers amid the darkling storm,
And spring is never known—
Yes, ask the birds—whose vassals ye?
And the woods shall echo, "We are free."

But ask not men if he be free
From slavery's withering blight,
Unnumbered groans shall answer thee,
"No! in this age of light—
"Be silent thou nor question him,
Christian's saddest woe,
His chain is on his brother's limb,
His foot upon his neck!"

From the N. Y. Evening Post.
Letter from John Brown.

JERSEY FERRY, March 26, 1851.

There is about as much trouble among the Silver Grays and Cotton Whigs this week as they can contain. Four special messengers have passed between Washington and the Custom House since Sunday morning. For more than sixteen hours after the report of the Astor House dinner reached the capital, Saturday evening, Fillmore refused to eat and Webster refused to drink. The cause of extraordinary derangement in the habits of the President and his virtuous Secretary, I will briefly explain, as it was explained by one who convinced me before he got through, that he was not born to-morrow.

You have observed that the President and his exalted adviser, have taken unsuccessful pains to marshal the vast commercial influence of New York city into a support of the compromise measures, and of the administration that advised them. That was perfectly natural. An object nearer their hearts, however, than this, was to break the back of Governor Seward. Hence the Union Safety Committee was organized under their advice; hence the whig general and local committees of this city were required to denounce him in the same breath in which they sustained the government; hence the instructions sent to Beckman to bolt Fish, and the approbatory letter afterwards sent him by Clay to keep him firm; hence the repeated declarations of Beckman and the administration press, that he was sustained in his opposition to Fish by his constituency; that New York would have no person for her Senator who should consent to discuss any of the peace measures of the late Congress, or to have them discussed. It was a great consolation to the President, amid the defection of all the rural districts, and with an overwhelming majority against him in the Legislature, to be able to point to the city of New York, and feel that there was at least one place in his own State, to which he could go and hear his policy and his cabinet spoken of with decent respect. And he has made much of it.

No part of the country was permitted to be ignorant of, or to forget the fact, that the whigs of New York city would except a U. States Senator even from Manhattan, who was an equivocal supporter of the peace measures, or that they had rebuked Seward and rejected Fish. When, however, in spite of Beckman, and Mr. Clay's invigorating letter, Fish was elected, and the elation unutterable; but that was nothing to the intelligence received but three or four days afterwards, that this loyal city of New York, with a loyal Mayor and a loyal Common Council, had invited that very Legislature, which so recently had perpetrated the enormity of electing a woolly-head to the United States Senate, to come down and be the guest of the city, as long as they pleased, and at an expense of not less than eight or ten thousand dollars to the city treasury.

But it took more than this to throw Fillmore off his feed, and Webster off his drink. It was not till they read the proceedings at the dinner Saturday night, that they absolutely refused to be comforted. When they found Seward the prominent guest and speaker of the occasion, and Weed and Raymond

figuring conspicuously in the proceedings; when they read the declaration made by one of the speakers, that the time was at hand "when the sun should not rise upon a master nor set upon a slave," and others of the same tenor and date, and not a single Silver Gray in the crowd to deny it or say a word in favor of slavery or the administration; then it was that both the President and Secretary of State felt the full weight of that moral sun, which since the creation has always prevented disappointed men from biting off their own noses.

"I see it now," said Webster. "Those 'Union Safety men are too slow. That two million tax was only a pretence of Seward, to pull wool over the eyes of Kingsland and Maxwell, while he was getting the Common Council to invite the Legislature down to New York. The rest was all easy—I see it—I see it. If they merely wished to 'learn the necessities for that tax, what occasion was there for them to come to New York in a body, instead of sending a committee; what business had they taking dinner down at Snodgrass's, and champagne suppers at Kate Hastings'? What occasion had they for Mr. Seward's company? I see, I see now, Mr. President. The whole thing is a contrivance of that cunning rascal, Weed, to smother us, in the southern States. We must get up a counter demonstration in New York at once. Seward must be rebuked or we are ruined; and if, while we are about it, we rebuke a few of those New York Silver Grays, I think it would not be amiss. Present Hall, and Kingsland, might have prevented this if they had attended to their business."

Fillmore was speechless. He had no heart for following the lead of Silver Grayism any further. He was sick of fighting for slavery and slaveholders. He was and always had been an abolitionist, and after trying it for more than a year, he had become satisfied that he could never make anything else of himself. By deserting his principles, he had driven from him all his friends and his party at home, and could not perceive that he had made any worth having, anywhere else.

He finally announced to Mr. Webster his willingness to have a counter demonstration made in New York, or anywhere else, but he should take no part in advising it. He was sick, he said, of trying to manufacture public opinion in one quarter. "You and I know," continued he, "that there were not a hundred whigs in Massachusetts and New York together, three years ago, who were not, in their hearts, abolitionists. Well, they are abolitionists still. We have been trying with all our might, ever since we got into power, to live them with the patronage of the government, to profess opposite sentiments, and we have been, I regret to say, disgracefully successful in corrupting many, but in converting very few. Many profess, but they do not feel differently, and they never will. I know New York state. I have stomped it from end to end. The very merchants who have been making most noise, as the champions of the Union, in New York city, are only taking this mode of economizing their advertising expenses. They profess a sympathy with the south, because they make their money there, but they feel all the time that they are doing violence to their consciences and their judgments. You may get up as many counter movements as you please. As for me, I have done with such nonsense. I have been imitating Mrs. Partington's effort to sweep out the sea with a corn broom long enough." The result of this discussion I have not heard, but I was told that an active correspondence is now progressing between Mr. Webster and the Union Safety Committee, who, it is worth observing, do not find it quite as easy now to raise money to save the Union, as they did a few months ago, but of that another time. Humbly yours,

JOHN BROWN, Ferryman.

Ohio Legislative Resolutions.

Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That while this General Assembly would urge the faithful observance of law upon all the people of this State, and of her sister States of the Union, as the most effectual mode of promoting their best interests, as well as a high duty they owe alike to themselves and their common country, would most earnestly recommend to Congress the necessity of so amending and modifying the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law, that while it secures a faithful compliance with all the obligations imposed by the Constitution of the United States, it will, as it becomes a free Government, guard with a jealous care the rights of the freeman. And if said law, in the opinion of Congress, cannot be so amended as to give to persons claimed as fugitives from labor, the benefit of every legal defence of their liberty, we then recommend the repeal of said law.

Resolved, That the law commonly called the Fugitive Slave Law, being a law that makes *ex-parte* evidence conclusive of the master's right to recapture and return his slave; that denies a jury trial *ex-ante*; that provides for the appointment of swarms of petty officers, to execute it; that gives a double compensation to find every claim set up in favor of the master, and pays the expenses, in any case, from the Public Treasury—ought never to receive the voluntary cooperation of our people, and ought therefore to be immediately repealed.

Remon hath it, that the Southern Press is in a bad way. Elwood Fisher's "private fortune" has got tired of paying paper-makers and printers, and Mr. DeLeon is now on a tour south and southwest, to see what means can be devised for raising wind enough to inflate its miserable lungs a little longer.

We can assure those afflicted patriots (Clay and Webster) that they may as well curse God and die at once, if they expect to see the beatific day when there shall be no more Anti-Slavery Agitation in the land.—There must be no more Slavery first.—Report of Mass. A. S. Society.